

JEF'S RAILROAD TRIP: Or, Seeing the Locomotive.

Off we started, and a few minutes' walk brought us to the depot, where we could depict the expression that played over Jeff's features when he beheld a locomotive for the first time in his life. There it stood, with a long train of cars attached to it, and a dark volume of smoke silently issuing from the chimneys; and there stood Jeff, with his hands stuck so deep and hard in his pockets, that they nearly reached his knees; his body was inclined forward, his eyes were dilated, his cheeks puffed out, and his whole man in a state of the most intense excitement.

After the first paroxysms of delight, astonishment, gratified curiosity, and a vague kind of bewilderment had subsided, and Jeff's features had slowly relaxed to their customary expression, without, however, altering his position, he soliloquized a running commentary, on the probable character of the beast, its speed, and so forth.

"Well, by jolly! who ever seed sich a critter. And what a long team! I wonder if it pulls all that? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! take me all day to count 'em. Spose Dolly was here; wouldn't she open her eyes, and give her respects?"

"Wonder if it can beat Captain Williams' bay mare runner? Have to get up fore day to do that. Wish we had one to help get up the ridge hill some of these muddy spells. But criminy! what a power of roughness it must take to winter the old chap!"

Meanwhile we had approached the curiosity, and beckoned Jeff to come to us; he shook his head very knowingly and wouldn't come; we went to him, and persuaded him it wouldn't hurt him, and at length, with that kind of hesitancy with which a timid person approaches a precipice, he drew nearer; he would put out his right foot, and draw up his left in a sidelong fashion, hesitate a little while, and proceed again—fearing this until he stood quite near it. Seeing it didn't rebuke his approach with any outward signs of disapprobation, he summoned up courage enough to begin to examine it, and make remarks.

"I say, Mr. Leary, do they feed this critter with fire? We pulled they did. 'And what does it do?' 'Boiling water,' we replied. 'By jolly! what an animal; eats fire and drinks bilin' water; and ain't it a heap of trouble to feed it and keep it in water? and does it ever drink any thing else? We explained to Jeff that it had a kind of contrivance of its own, to burn wood into fire, and to warm its water, and that it never drank any thing else, as it was a good 'testotaller.' 'Jolly whop! who ever heard the likes?' now wouldn't Dolly pick her ears, and rub her eyes, if she was only here? (Dolly was Jeff's sweetheart and with a laudable solicitude, he wished her, no doubt, to be a sharer in his good fortune.) And does it draw all them wagons?' pointing to the trains of cars attached. We nodded a 'yea.'

Jeff's eyes gleamed with delight. A lad who had just obtained the long wished for consent of his mistress, could not express in his countenance what glowed in his heart, more vividly than did Jeff now; he was actually in the presence of a 'steam-gine,' as he called it.

Familiarity, it is said, breeds contempt; so Jeff, after walking around to the other side of it, and back again to the same from which he started, and seeing it neither kicked nor reared up, ventured to lay his hand on its shoulders, as he supposed the thicker part of the boiler to be, but he no sooner placed his hand there, than he jerked it back with a terrified kind of wince, and an ejaculation of—'Phew! darned if that animal's skin ain't mighty hot!' By this time the engineer stepped into the 'tender,' or cars next the engine, and removing by means of a screw the pressure from a small valve, allowed the steam to escape with a whizzing noise. Now Jeff had seen for the last few minutes spelling out the animal's name, which was written in large letters on its sides, and did not observe the actions of the 'little man beginnin' and staid,' and laying his hand over on one of the letters which he could not so well spell out, just as the steam came whizzing over his head, he took it for a sign of restiveness on the part of the unruly beast, and stumbled back about ten or fifteen feet, oversteering in his career an old woman and a basket of apples she had for sale, and falling at last in a ditch, which at that time margined the street.

We went to our companion, who was more frightened than hurt, and assisting him to arise, we took him towards the passenger cars at the other end of the train; we reached them at a pretty brisk pace, Jeff being in a hurry to get out of reach of the fiery horse. As soon as he could recover sufficient breath: 'Well,' says he, 'I'm darned if that's a critter aint as techus as a rattlesnake in dog days and what a hot breath it snorts at a fellow; it only pleased the cends of my hair, and it like to have swinged my eye winkers off!'

We left him awhile in the midst of philosophical reflections on beasts in general, and the 'steam-gine' in particular, and went to the ticket office and purchased a couple of tickets, designing, as we had enjoyed much sport at Jeff's expense to make amends by taking him a trip on the cars. Without signifying our intention to him, we prevailed on him to go with us into the passenger cars just to look. A portion of the passengers were already seated, awaiting the departure of the train; when Jeff entered he stretched his eyes again, and stepping daintily over the carpeted floor hesitated, whether he should sit down on the nice seats, but growing more familiar, he at length half sat, half glided, to a seat at our side, and gazed around with bewilderment and satisfaction contrastingly depicted on his countenance.

"Well, I'll declare, this room's jist as nice as Squire Murphy's parlor."

A bell now rang, announcing the departure of the train; several more passengers hastily came in and took their seats. 'Puff! puff! puff!' went the engine; clank, clank, clank! went the chains connecting the cars; and as the last one straightened out, away we moved with a velocity entirely strange and new to our ears. We turned to notice the effect of the sudden transition from inertia to steam-winged speed would have on him; his lower lip had fallen a 'feet,' his eyes looked ready to start from their sockets, and despair, horror, and something we may call the very depth of bewilderment, were vividly depicted on that amazed countenance of his; and with his hands between his knees, he grasped his seat with all the firmness his novel and perturbed situation would allow him to master. When he had overcome the violence of his first emotions of terror, astonishment, and indecision, and supplied himself sufficient-

ly steady to make a start, he made a 'plunge,' and rushed to the back door; seizing it, he pulled it open; but trees, fences, houses and every thing else, flew by so rapidly, that in a moment, Jeff was glad to slam the door to and reel back to his seat; which he accomplished much after the fashion of a landsman aboard a ship, or Jack ashore. Clinging us up by the arm, he asked, in piteous and half stifled tones—'I say, do pray, tell me, is the critter run away with us? We signified that it had. 'What shall we do?' he screamed in the most labored accents of despair; 'what shall we do?' and then losing his hold of us, he flung his head out of the window and bawled with all his might: 'Stop it, I say! stop it! stop this cursed infernal steam-gine. Who! who! who! who! who! who! who-o-o-y-ee-ee!' he concluded, as he fell back exhausted on his seat, and closed his eyes upon the dreadfulness of that fate which he felt he was rapidly approaching. 'Who knows,' he murmured, as he began to recover; 'who knows but it may run into the river with us, or some mill pond, or keep on till it gets on the eshan? Oh, my! oh, thunder! oh, Dolly! if you only knowed where I was?'

From the Pittsburg Chronicle, July 30.

A Fearful Scene.

During the late exhibition of Van Amburgh's menagerie at Monongahela City, a fearful and excited scene occurred. It appears that shortly after the audience had assembled, a terrific storm arose, which tore the canvas into rags, and threatened serious injury to the spectators. While the Storm King roared and raved, one of the huge tigers got out of his cage, which added new terror to the scene. The vast assembly swayed from side to side, first to that part of the tent which had been blown off, and then to the main entrance. Some jumped from the top of the seats out through the opening between the top and the circular inclosure; others cut themselves a passage through the canvas, and all rushed with alarm for any place of escape, preferring to brave the storm to taking their chance for life amid the crashing timbers and furious wild beasts. Women shrieked for help and children cried; strong men looked pale, and taking the confusion of the multitude and the raging of the storm, the scene was fearful and appalling. The keepers of the animals stood by the cages of these wild denizens of the woods and jungles with anxious looks. The man who kept the elephant Hamul stood in front of the huge brute with his hands upon his hips, as pale as a corpse. One of the lions had partaken of the excitement, and his glaring eyeballs, erect posture, and extended and flowing mane, gave an idea of how he looks in his native forest. The tiger which had escaped from his cage, was driven back by Mr. Van Amburgh, into the same cage with this lion, and the king of the woods had put his large paw upon him, and was holding him tight upon the floor. Nature, grand and terrible, was on exhibition at this show. After some moments of fearful confusion the storm ceased, and the audience separated, but not until several had been injured from being trampled on and bruised in the general confusion which prevailed. The editor of the *Republican*, from whom we get the above account fixes the damage done to dresses and bonnets alone, at two thousand dollars.

"See here, boy, how long will those locusts roll last? I inquired a traveller of a western urman, while riding past a long string of fence made of this material. 'They'll last forever,' responded the boy in a confident tone. 'Forever?' exclaimed the stranger, 'how do you know that?' 'Why father has tried it twice, and I guess he ought to know by this time,' said the lad very gravely. The stranger roared on in a musing attitude.

Mrs. Partington, now travelling in Europe, says she couldn't rest until she learned something about the diet of Worms that she had heard about—didn't believe they could live on it long; was going to Nice to see if they were any tidier there than at home; and thought that before she came back she would try and set down on the steppes of Russia.—*Boston Post*.

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON EDUCATION.—'For my part, I can't decide what an aith education is comin' to. When I was young, if a gal only understood the rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing and the common dominator, and knew all about the rivers and their tributaries, the covenants and dormitories, the provinces and the umpires, they had education enough. But now they have to study botany, Algier-bay, and have to demonstrate suppositions about cyclophants of cireuses, tangents, and Diagonies of parallelograms, to say nothing about the oxhides, assheads, cow-sticks, and abstruse triangles.' And the old lady was so confused with the technical names that she was forced to stop.

A shop-keeper, in recommending a piece of goods to a lady, remarked, 'Madam, it will wear forever, and make you a petticoat afterwards.'

The following good toast was given on the Fourth of July: 'Old Bachelors—Leafless twigs in a garden of roses. Each devoted to them is a suggestion; each bird's nest a standing admonition.'

A fellow being asked why he did not go to the funeral of his wife, replied that he could not leave his shop, and that it was always better to attend to business before pleasure.

A house-maid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. 'Well, is he coming?' said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. 'Yes, ma'am, directly,' was the reply; 'he's just sharpening his teeth.'

When is a Irish girl most disposed to take compassion on her lover? When her heart goes piff-Pat.

'Cesar, what am become ob dat darkey what stold de taller?' 'He has been taken upon an aff-lay, and carried up to de Sperm Court, to hab it tried.' 'On an aff-lay, Cesar?' 'Yes-I seed de handle myself, I did.'

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